As/Is

7.28.2007

Concentrate! (for Mary Harju)

laughter rises from (concentrate!) throats
  in depths, de profundis; cushions w/ sheets
w/ floral patterns & wind rushes in;

streets surreal w/ coffee-shops (open at eleven),
  so we go, get coffee, a brownie, sit
on curb / baltimore ave. near clark park—

we hit it— slides, grim metal
  fence, against park-lavatory walls
mary's lips taste like sweet brandy—

here we are; **(concentrate!)**

posted by **Adam Fieled** on **Saturday, July 28, 2007**

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